Bad Attitude

a lesbian sex magazine

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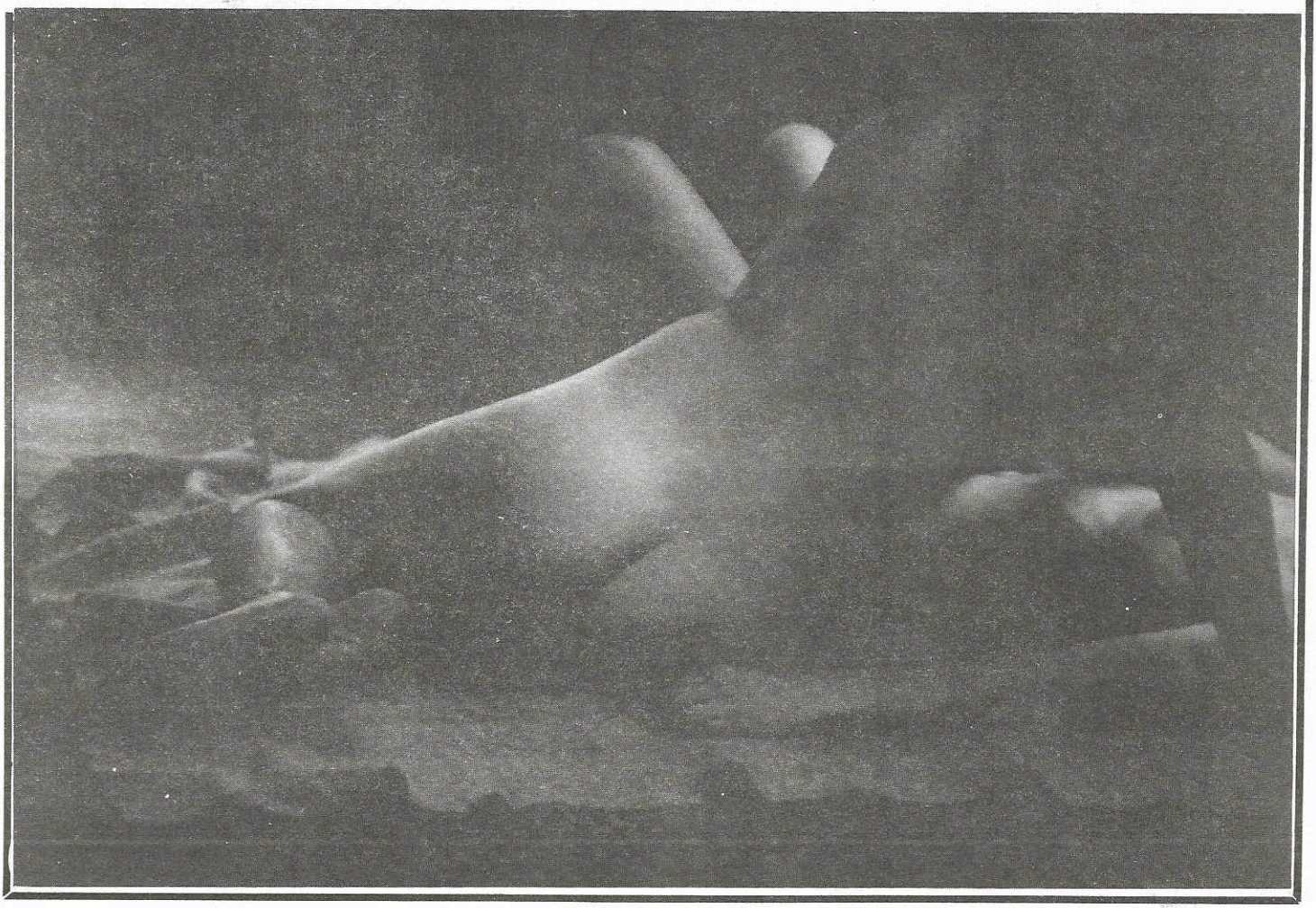
Ice Princess

Room Service

Genderfucked . . . Again



Reflections of a Feminist Smut Writer

By Veneita Porter

She seemed almost arrogantly sure of herself, with a smile only half concealed on those beautifully full lips. I wanted to taste her and she knew it.

Over the past two and a half years many such terms of endearment have floated across my mind. Some of them have taken hold long enough to be shared and explored with editors, unknown readers, and friends. Many lay in the back of drawers on tiny bits of scrap paper, waiting.

These last three years the entire women's and lesbian communities have dived headlong into the issues surrounding pornography. Women Against Pornography (WAP) has produced an impressive and often painful portrait of the sex industry and its "victims." The Feminist Anti-Censorship Taskforce (FACT) has published articulate and enlightened material on the politics and ramifications of censorship. The Meese Commission, with its own private agenda, has yet to make its full impact felt. I certainly don't want to be first in line in front of *that* fan!

This heated discussion of pornography and sexuality has polarized the community involved and produced new cultural and political alliances. And those dirty little girls have kept producing those dirty little magazines. You can bet on it.

In some ways I've come to think of *Bad Attitude* as a survivor of the censorship wars. There was never any doubt in my mind that *On Our Backs* would flourish, if only because—LaRouche and his followers not withstanding—those California girls will always be wild. But here in the land of the sexual intellectual, I must confess to moments of serious doubt. As much as the typical New Englander likes to think of herself as a liberal in the vanguard of change, in reality we often have heated discussions in our livingrooms which provide a rather short-lived spark. I realize that I'm making gross generalizations in some cases, but I believe that the majority of political activism and change is brought about by a relative few. I've stopped trying to argue the concept of the loyal opposition to most of my feminist friends. In large part I've simply stopped arguing. I seemed to have become gun-shy. I think it started when a WAP member called me a traitor and a pornographer.

Actually, the comment was not so specifically directed at me, as it was flung at anyone who did not support the Dworkin/Mackinnon anti-pornography ordinance. It certainly brought me face-to-face with the ugliness surrounding this debate. On the one hand, as an ex-sex industry worker, I have some very strong views on how the average worker in the industry is treated. On the other hand I saw very little value in a law that was clearly too loosely worded to be of any help to the person on the streets. And realistically I think very few cases would ever brought to trial in a timely fashion. Maybe I'm also afraid that if any one worker was ever brave enough to bring charges against her "employer" she wouldn't live long enough to see her court date.

There is damned little glamorous about being "in the life." It becomes mostly a constant set of emotional checks and balances. It's hard to talk about. But when *Bad Attitude* started to pull together I saw it as an opportunity to bring together the experience and what I had observed about the pain and joy of sexuality in the lesbian community.

First, there was the very real fact that most lesbians *I* knew don't or didn't talk about sex very much. I wanted to do something about that. Second, women have been the objects of erotica for a hell of a long time without getting much benefit from it. Women need to be able to read, think and fantasize about the possibilities of sex. Not everyone's going to be interested in doing all the scenes that she reads about, but we must be able to have access to them, even if it is only on the safety of the written page.

For me, writing about sexuality was/is a reaffirming process. Now, put that eyebrow down! It is infinitely safer and more enjoyable to be able to make love to a reader than it ever was with a trick. I don't think erotica is a "monkey-see, monkey-do" act. Sometimes I wish it was. Sometimes I'm glad it's not.

When I read a good story, I always think, *what is that writer really like?* It is an old American fantasy to want to be

the muse who fires the imagination. There have been dozens of women who've fueled my fires in writing the pieces that I've done for *Bad Attitude*. The impetus of desire was finding a focus in words. In the beginning it was scary. A great many of my friends thought the idea of lesbian sex mags was avant garde at best, probably politically incorrect. I remember being *afraid* to show the first issues to anyone. And let's not talk about the stir caused by sending out the first issue snuggled next to *Fag Rag* and inserted in *Gay Community News*. Political moralism had a field day. It is a strange sensation, committing social suicide and liking it. But as we all know, fashion trends do change.

Here it is three years and several volumes later and everyone and her sister is sending in submissions to *Bad Attitude*. The mag itself has grown and evolved and as new editors take over it's sure to be exciting. That is what we are here for. Right?

Back issues of **Bad Attitude** are available at $3.50 each. Groups and bookstores are eligible for bulk discounts. Send checks or money orders to:

Bad Attitude
c/o GCN Box 69
167 Tremont Street
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Boston, MA 02111

Cover Photo by Susan Fleischmann

Bad Attitude, Bye-Bye

Bad Attitude was first published in the summer of 1984, a project conceived and organized by Amy Hoffman and Cindy Patton. Since then, with the help of many volunteer writers, layout helpers, and envelope stuffers, we have published seven issues, including this one.

It is time to pass the project on. This will be the last issue that we will have primary responsibility for: future issues will be produced by a group of the original volunteers who have decided to reorganize and continue putting out the magazine.

We are grateful for the time we spent on the magazine. Although it was often a headache, the wonderful letters and other forms of moral support we received helped us see the importance of the magazine. Despite the tremendous controversies over sexuality in our community, this project of exploring the boundaries of lesbian sex has been, well, **fun**. Both of us enjoyed working on **Bad Attitude** and hope that you, the readers, liked the result.

The next issue of **Bad Attitude** should appear around January. It's the same old magazine, with some new energy!

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Genderfucked . . . Again

By Cindy Patton

It was a cold, winter evening, and I was tired of sitting around my grubby studio apartment. The two lesbian bars I usually went to had just been closed, per order of the police. There were a couple of other girl bars, but they were too *chi-chi*: I didn't have the right clothes or denomination of cash to get in. I had loaned the television to Bob, my faggot friend downstairs. I considered going down to get it, but he was probably in a more dismal state than I. His boyfriend had just left him. This kind of evening made me wish I'd never moved to New York.

The phone rang and it was Bob.

"Hi! *Terrible* evening. There isn't *anything* on TV," he said.

That let out retrieving the TV.

"Did you eat yet?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said. That meant toast for me.

"But did you hear?" he asked. "There's a new bar."

I figured it was another one of those "high energy rock" places that opens for a few months then disappears.

"It's where the Ass-Trick used to be," he continued. "It's being run by that new lesbian and gay motorcycle club, you know, LAGLAG—Lesbians and Gays into Leather and Grease."

I'd heard of this collective motorcycle club. Now they had a bar—a novel idea.

"Wanna go?" Bob asked with a mixture of excitement and self-consciousness.

He knows that I know that he really gets hot for boys

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Ice Princess

By Marya

I woke sticking to the sheets.

The day was sweltering already. Irritable, I rose slowly so as not to wake my lover. It was only 7:00 a.m. The woman could sleep through all kinds of weather! I smiled at her, a sleeping beauty with silky hair swept off her forehead, breathing lightly. A slight breeze seemed to stir the plants near the window. She sighed and turned towards it as I left the room, downstairs for water, past sleeping housemates and lovers. Jackie had gone to the Cape with Roseanne. Maybe they'd break up this time—could hardly spend time with each other anymore. Passing the bathroom, I considered a shower and decided on a quick one to refresh myself.

Humming some Prince, I turned on the cold tap with a touch of hot . . . stepping in on "you don't have to watch *Dynasty* to have an attitude," a favorite line. I played dodge with the spray, pranced about and amused myself for some minutes with visions of Sam surprising me now so we could start the day wet. Last night had been delicious but, at this rate, neither of us would get much sleep.

The house was silent except for the shower. Remembering Samantha's sweet taste, I drew my fingers to my nostrils. Yes, I could smell her still. Shampoo was next—kept me in longer. Rivulets of water trailed off my body and my mind began to move from sensation. Coolness and arousal. Sailing on the open ocean. A familiar throbbing began between my legs and I moved fingers from scalp to cunt. Rinsing off, I watched suds go down the drain and moved up and down, eyes veiled under the nozzle, first keeping my fingers motionless and then switching the rhythm back and forth . . . friction on a few levels, standing so the spray hit me first on my breasts then lower down. I pictured an icy mountain stream as my skin grew prickly with the water temperature and action below decks.

Of course. I had a plan.

Getting myself just worked up enough, I turned the dial over before stepping out to towel off. Tousling closely cropped hair, I left my body damp and walked out onto the landing. Yes, all doors were shut as I made my way downstairs to the kitchen for ice. Smile in place, air-drying, I opened the freezer, liberated the top tray and stacked cubes in a bowl. Musing on the strategy of approach and avoidance, I considered the usual options. No, massage oil would be too annoying, too stickly after initial application, but this? This could be just the thing.

How fortunate for me my lover tolerated rude awakenings.

Creeping up the stairs I imagined myself a secret agent on a mission: "Seduce the woman. Make her talk. You know what we mean." No, honey, I know what *I* mean . . .

The door was ajar as I entered. Awash in soft colors, she lay there uncovered, arms and legs casually sprawled, her long back turned to me. I admired her form for a moment, setting the ice within reach on the floor, moistening my lips with my tongue. I had forgotten water in the kitchen so I took a cube in my mouth to quench thirst. She moved slightly and murmured my name.

"I'm here," I whispered, kneeling on the floor next to the bed. Already the dampness from the shower was evaporating. Desire was latent. "Are you awake?" I asked rhetorically, under my breath.

"Mmm," she sighed sleepily, "It's hot."

"Uh huh," I smiled and bent to kiss the nape of her neck lightly. She turned over and reached for my waist, letting her palm travel down my buttocks and thigh until it rested behind my leg. "What time is it?" she asked, beginning to stroke my calf leisurely.

"Too fucking early," I retorted.

"Grouch," she teased looking at me fondly,

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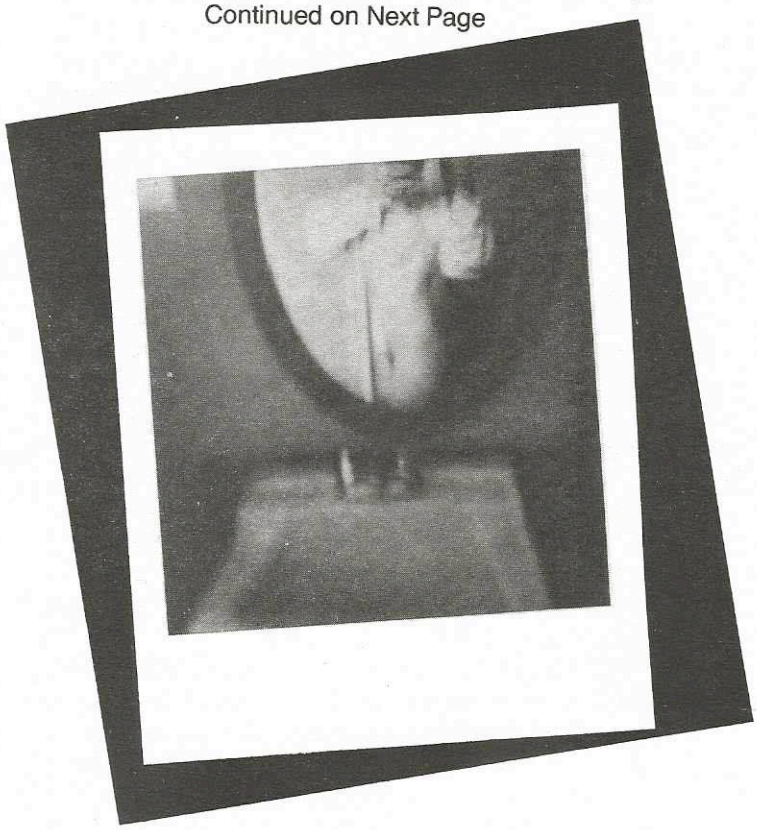

Night at the Races

By Elise Levine

chatter-box. **ma soubrette**
you're a hot little number
a fast girl
mother warned me about you
you drop rubber
in every gear
hot-talker, and me a hot-walker
on the wrong side
of the track

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moving her fingers down my leg to reach for the softness behind my knee as I stretched my body beside her. Drawing in my breath knowingly, I felt desire roll up into my chest and vividly recalled the night before sleep. Surreptitiously, I reached behind for a cube, rolling it in my palm, feeling the melting sensations as Samantha began to nuzzle my neck and shoulder, sucking my nipples. I moved to enclose her, marvelling at the firmness of her limbs; the gym was really making a difference . . . those saunas after workouts were as much foreplay lately as dancing could be. Murmuring at her sure touch, I pretended to bite her neck and ear, drinking in her scent until fingers felt numb even in this heat.

"What are you up to?" she asked, seeing my expression.

"Wordlessly I drew her to my mouth and gave her a deep kiss, my tongue chilled from the ice.

"Ooh," she gasped, surprised.

"It's ice, princess. You're awake now," I said in the sultriest bedroom voice I could muster, grinning as I bent to get more.

"You're *such* a morning person," she laughed, relaxing into the pillows and moving her legs apart. I swabbed her thighs and vulva, moving my fingers into her folds. As her hips began to undulate, I moved over her and bent my damp head into her stomach, butting her as if a wrestler grappling with a quarry. She chuckled as I growled and she anchored her hands in what hair the stylist had left on my head the day before. Meanwhile, I kneaded and stroked her rhythmically, kissing her lips and breasts lightly in countertime, awaiting the right movement.

I searched blindly with my left hand for the ice and, finding it, switched the cubes up to the pillow before taking another from the collection. When she wasn't looking I slipped one into my mouth and raised the other, circling her nipple. Another gasp escaped her throat and her hips rose involuntarily. I struggled to maintain my manual motion inside her as she groaned and reached for my shoulders. Sometimes Sam didn't realize her strength in moments of passion. I was beginning to sweat with the efforts of coordination and excitement but she was responding and I was fairly dripping myself. Spreading the remains of the ice over her chest I left a small cube between her breasts and, bending to one side, let the one I'd harbored in my mouth slip onto the point of one nipple. Simultaneously I moved to one side of her body. She moaned with pleasure and I took another to rub playfully into her mons before flicking my warm tongue over her clit. She pulled at me, shaking with the contact. I let the ice slide off so she wouldn't grow uncomfortably numb before I tasted her myself.

I licked at leisure in alternating rhythm, drinking, until she began shuddering and her moans gave way to cries. Only one cube left, I inserted it and watched it disappear in the heat of the day and my woman's majesty.

You—I

By SDE

I step out of my office, stride across the hall, and peek around the corner at your dark head tilted intently over a desk full of pages, forms, statistics, phone messages. "Hey, you going down to the staff meeting?" You look up and nod with that quiet grin on your face. I try to gain some composure as I nearly tumble into the depths of your eyes. My nipples tighten under my tee shirt. I back into the door, lean against its wood frame, and take a deep breath to steady myself.

You get up, brush my cheek with soft fingers, and walk past me to join the meeting below. With my eyes squeezed shut I picture your slow glide down the narrow stairs, a backward glance to see if I am following, and a hesitant entrance into the meeting room. Belle would already be seated in the over-stuffed chair that had been covered with a floral print and would look back over her shoulder to watch your entrance.

Those slender fingers that had stroked my cheek reach out in greeting, as you lean forward over the back of the chair to tossle Belle's hair. Belle reaches gently for a wrist, then the other, and pulls your arms around her lightly but firmly for a hug. "Glad to see you," she murmurs.

While Belle snugly holds you in a long embrace, I edge slowly in behind you with a murmur of my own and my hands pause for a moment in the air before my palms come to rest, warming your sides. From behind your right ear I whisper, "Time for the meeting to start," and press my lips to the nape of your neck where soft wisps of black, feathery tendrils turn at your collar. You press back into my lips, my hands, and your buttocks thinly covered in a black skirt warm into my lower belly and thighs. I moan softly at the contact and slide my fingers under the rose cotton sweater to stroke each breast gently, then harder as your nipples become taut. Between my thumb and forefinger I roll and pull, tug and flick their hard tips. I lean into your butt, my denimmed thigh firm between your legs. Wet lips nibble your neck, tongue trails from ear to nape to collar-bone dips, teeth grazing your shoulder. You lean farther over the chair as my hands find their way over soft flesh and ribs to your belly underneath the waist-band of the skirt. I knead your skin and reach deeper to tossle the sea grass hairs below and mold you into me as you bend. I lift your skirt to rub my palms and thighs over your ass cheeks and to pull your white cottons below your knees. Your groan urges me on. I slip my fingers/palm/thumb/into your wetness/stroke/slide/molding my hand into your folds. Feeling your thighs part, my hand moves and rides into soft wet flesh. My other hand kneading your breasts, squeezing a nipple, touching the contours of your sides and hips as you begin to rock into my thighs and sway. My fingers now part of you/your oozing and softness/your scent strong, compelling my lips/tongue/mouth/to want to lick and swallow.

My mouth travels in long kisses and nibblings to the roundnesses of your cheeks and soft hollows where your thighs join your wet cunt, where my hand moves with your circling, writhing motions. I kneel behind you, my face wanting entry to your desserts, to the flow, to the waters and flesh and waves. Tongue darts/flicks/probes/reaches deeper/fuller/swollen pinks and reds/throbbing lips and folds. Your clit is hard and full. I reach deeper into you. My tongue/mouth/teeth/your lips/clit/hollows. Your bone presses my wet palm. I/you/moving/I/you/you/I/lost/the waters run together.

We move. You and I.

Ebb tides. I drink you. You lean heavily on the back of the chair, not counting on your legs for much. Slowly I move away, slide your cottons back to cover you, protect you, dry you, and let your skirt fall into place. I stand. You rest. Belle lets go of your wrists, her own eyes closed in a smile.

Afternoon sun streams through the blinds, slatted shadows stripe the floor of the meeting room. I hear the rustle of papers as an agenda is passed around. My name is called from somewhere. Opening my eyes I find I am still against the door frame. You have started the meeting and I haven't even gone down yet. (Well, actually . . .)

Room

By Shelley Hagan

As a hotel maid, now on my second summer of between-semester work at the Radisson downtown, I had seen a lot of people come and go—conventioneers, baseball teams, tourists, and well-to-do drifters. Actually, what I mostly saw was their stuff: the choices they had made in clothes, toiletries, books, entertainment and the like. I played a game with myself—using these clues to speculate about what particular people were like—as a way of enlivening the boring, messy work of cleaning their rooms. Whether I was right or wrong I usually didn't know, since I hardly ever met the people whose rooms I took care of.

I had decided, though, that I really wanted to meet the woman in room 1610. She had been in town since Tuesday for the Alternative Investment Counselors' conference, so I knew that her business was helping rich liberals deal with their guilt by investing their bucks in socially-useful enterprises. More than that, however, I felt like I knew her . . . from her cologne on the dresser—Dakar Noir, my favorite—to the trashy lesbian novels lurking under the *Wall Street Journal* on the bedside stand, the force of her personality impressed itself upon me everywhere I looked. I formed an image of her: a tough-minded businesswoman with good taste and a liking for sleaze, and maybe just a streak of wildness that would make her able to respond to an off-beat seduction. I had studied the tailored suits and slacks in the dressing room closet and developed an idea of what she looked like in them. I had also traced the worn places on the black levis she'd let tossed over a chair, and rapidly developed a crushing desire to see what she'd look like getting out of them. Fantasy had taken over my days and hot, wet dreams my nights—but I wanted more than phantom kisses from 1610.

Knowing that the conference ended Friday morning, I had to make my plans carefully, and by Thursday all was in readiness. Somehow I managed to stop dreaming and scheming long enough to get my fifteen rooms cleaned in record time. By 3:30 I was officially done, and went downstairs to punch out. I grabbed a fresh uniform and apron, hid them and my backpack under a stack of towels, and mumbled to my supervisor about having to do a few last things on 16. I also took a bucket, brush and spot remover to complete the "conscientious maid" disguise.

Once in her room, I double-locked the door and headed for the shower. Refreshed, I slowly dressed myself in the outfit I'd smuggled up: lace-patterned white stockings, held up by rather old-fashioned white garters; low-cut white silk push-up bra; medium-heel black pumps; and my black maid's uniform, unbuttoned just one below regulation, with a white lap apron to complete the picture. I made up my face carefully, highlighting the sexual flush on my cheeks and lips and the sparkle in my eyes. A little scent, check the time—4:15, and the conference session ends at 4:30. Perfect.

I left the door ajar, in conformance with hotel policy and because I wanted her to take possession of the room before she saw me. I sat on the carpeted floor with my bucket and spot remover, back to the door, singing softly to myself as I watched the chemicals drying on the spots I'd made that morning. Entranced, totally ready, I forgot to be afraid or doubtful or impatient, and time opened around me.

The soft swish of the door against the rug coaxed me back to the present, and her surprised "Oh, hello" brought me to quivering attention as I heard the low, rumbly music of her voice. I waited a beat, then rose to my knees and turned half towards her as she paused just inside the doorway. I cast my eyes down and felt her puzzlement as she appraised my unorthodox outfit. Her brown eyes rose from my cleavage to my face, and locked with mine for what seemed an eternity. I felt a hot blush spring to my face, and fought to keep my composure as my boldness, desire, shame, and submissiveness were all so nakedly revealed. She licked her lips, finally, and smiled. I swallowed hard as she slowly turned to the door, hung the "do not disturb" sign on the outside knob, closed and locked it.

She turned back to me, visibly amused, and told me to get on with my work. "Yes, ma'am," I said smoothly—more smoothly than I felt—and bent to brush the chemicals off the rug. I heard her sit down on the bed, and could feel her eyes on me as she whistled softly a theme I didn't recognize. I finished with the rug, finally—god, why did I manufacture such a silly task anyway?—and glanced over my shoulder at her for approval. "Thank you," she smiled, "but don't leave yet." She held her right foot towards me in a gesture so natural and so imperious that I was awestruck. Slowly, taking in every detail of leather, flesh, and stockings, I slid the shoe off her foot and briefly, even more slowly, massaged toes, arch, instep, heel. The other foot got the same treatment, and I finished by bending my head to the side to run my hair lightly across her arches.

She rose abruptly, planting her feet right in front of my knees. I looked up, startled, and found my eyes

Service

glued to hers again. This time it was I who looked away first, unable to sustain the bold facade for another instant. "I need a shower," she said lightly, and headed for the dressing room/bathroom. Taking advantage of my first opportunity, I watched hungrily as she moved away from me. My eyes travelled up her long trousered legs, and I mentally looked right through her brown tweed jacket to find the slim hips and muscular ass I had imagined from the evidence of her levis. Rather small, shapely hands, devoid of jewelry; slim neck and short brown hair, maybe 36—she disappeared behind the door. At her command, I got up to turn on the radio to a good jazz station and then stood watching as her clothes appeared, piece by piece, flung from the bathroom door onto the dressing-room floor.

As her whistling mingled with the sound of the shower, I drew the curtains, then went into the dressing room to hang up her clothes. I fingered her stockings and silky man-cut shirt, then tossed them into the plastic laundry bag hanging there. I folded and hung her pleated trousers carefully; picking up her jacket, I paused to read the name tag pinned to the lapel. "Lesley Koenig" I said softly, "Seattle, Washington." As if I'd conjured her, the bathroom door opened and she stood, bathrobe clad, in the doorway, steam masking the room behind her. Two steps brought her close to me, and I blushed again as the sight, scent, warmth of her filled my senses. "And what's *your* name, little one?" she asked gravely, taking the jacket from me. "Jenny," I squeaked out as my thoroughly-rehearsed self-introduction crumbled into nothingness. "How old are you, Jenny?" still regarding me levelly; "Twenty-four," I answered, although my twentieth birthday was still months away. "Liar!" she snorted, and tossed the jacket back at me with some force as she walked back into the bedroom.

As I hung up the jacket I heard her on the telephone ordering wine to be sent up. I figured she wouldn't want me to be seen, so busied myself straightening up the bathroom and replacing the damp towels with fresh ones. Hearing the door to 1610 open and then shut, I waited a few moments and then walked back into the room slowly, heart pumping erratically against my throat.

I had taken two steps into the room before I realized what I was looking at: robe draped over her hips and legs, Lesley was lying face-down on the bed, the sculpted curves of her back lit only by a handkerchief-shaded lamp. The bottle of lotion on

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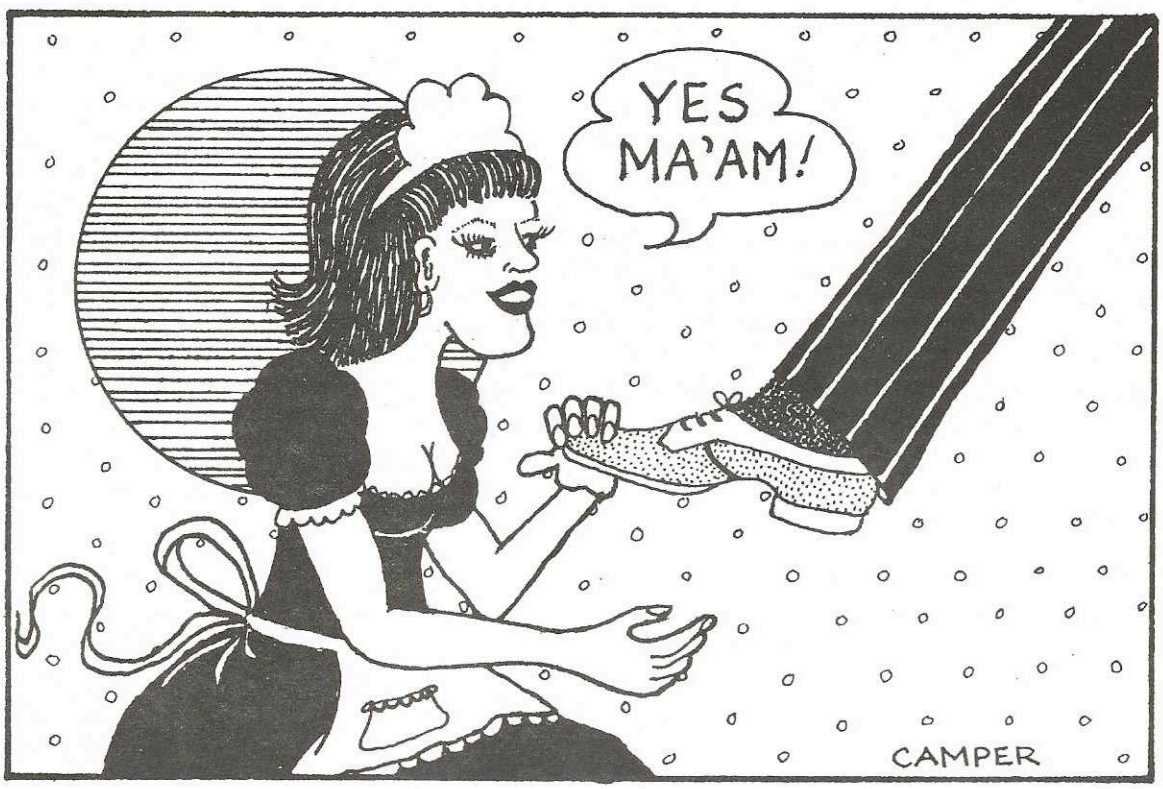

Illustration by Jennifer Camper

moved to crouch between her parted legs as she offered her ass to me.

My excitement threatened to engulf me, and I struggled to stay calm as she raised her hips to push hard against my face. I licked and sucked at her firm globes, then crouched lower to rim her lightly, tongue flickering around the tight, quivering opening. "Wait!" she cried, and I pulled back, face shiny with both our juices, panting shallowly.

"Take it, bitch"—Lesley's voice above me, her hand clutching at my hair—"Take it now, take it all."

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the bedside table made it clear that my work wasn't done yet; the two glasses of wine next to it showed me that she wanted me to enjoy myself as well.

Picking up the lotion, I knelt on the bed above her hips. Saying submissively, "The regular masseuse isn't here today, ma'am, but I hope I'll be pleasing to you," I filled my hands with the subtly-scented lubricant. Working slowly, I moved upwards from the small of her back, adapting my strokes to her musculature and her responses. I kneaded the long ridges of her back, and ran the tips of my fingers along the spine to release tension there, finishing up on her shoulders and shoulder blades with deep, strong strokes. Running my hands lightly back down, I uncovered her hips and thighs, and paused just a moment to savor the firm, high arch of her ass. More lotion, and I began to coax the strain and stiffness out of this sensitive part of her body. The effects of sitting around at the conference for two days were obvious, but I worked on her until every bit of tension was gone, and a tingly vitality had taken its place.

I paused again, awaiting some instruction, but she could only manage an approving moan. "Shall I continue, ma'am?" I whispered, and she moaned again, more huskily this time. Moving back up to her shoulders, I bent my head to her warm, downy skin, and ran my lips lightly over the nape of her neck. I felt a shudder go through her and waited a moment for a reaction or reprimand. Hearing only her now-ragged breathing, I started to awaken every inch of her back with the touch of my mouth. My fingertips gently across and down her back. "Don't stop" she ordered as I got to the top of her hips, and I

She rolled onto her side and reached for her wineglass. I watched her as she drained half of its contents, then took it when she offered it to me and I did the same. Lesley looked at me smiling; I must have been a sight, what with my makeup smeared, dress hiked up to my thighs, lap apron askew. Before I could straighten up, though, she pulled me up to lie beside her, and kissed me for the first time. We both were trying to keep it light, but our swollen lips wouldn't wait. She consumed my mouth as if starved, feeding on my passionate needs. I opened up to her, and she drove into my mouth with such power that I forgot to breathe.

I came to with a gasp as her roving hands parted two buttons of my uniform to reveal my breasts. She pulled the dress top down around my upper arms, binding them to my sides, and propped herself up to survey the territory. "Are all the maids here as delectable as you, little Jenny?" she murmured as she brushed her palm over my swollen flesh. I looked her in the eye and suggested that she call the housekeeping supervisor and have a few sent up if she really wanted to know. Lesley smiled delightedly, then leaned closer to whisper, "You'd like that, baby? Maybe have three or four more pussies to eat out, show me what a hot little girl you are?"

Her words hit my stomach with a thump, then reverberated through my body. Before I could regain my composure for another cocky reply, she straightened up so she was kneeling at my side. "Well, forget it, slut" she hissed. "It's all for me tonight." Lesley reached down and slid her hand up my dress, flipping it up to expose the tops of my stockings and the eager thighs above them. She swung one leg over

my thighs to straddle my hips, and settled her crotch into my aching pussy. Slowly at first, then faster, choosing her own rhythm, she used my body to bring herself to the breaking point, encouraging me all the while with praise and soft curses as I heaved under her. My urgent desire for release gave way to an even greater need to release her, and I hung in suspended orgasmic animation as she took me for herself.

Her voice brought me back to reality: "Baby," she panted, "I want you to suck me off, and I need it now." I moaned at the prospect; she began to make her way up my body as I licked my lips in readiness. She paused at my breasts, and released the nipples from my brassiere so that she could run the hot lips of her cunt over one, then the other. They hardened instantly at the combined touch of molten come and throbbing clit.

She moved up still further, and planted her knees on either side of my shoulders. As my arms were still pinned to my sides, she reached down and parted her own bushy triangle for me, exposing her treasures to my waiting mouth. I knew she was close to the edge, so I concentrated my initial flickering strokes on the shaft of her clit, avoiding the painfully sensitive tip. As I felt her relax slightly and offer me more, I reached with lips and tongue to lightly enclose it all. She pulled back just enough so that I could run my lips down to encircle the tips, then lowered herself all the way into my mouth again, an inadvertant moan escaping her as she sank into my heat. Taking my cue, I started sucking her, using my tongue to play with the swollen shaft and keep her excitement ablaze. She shifted her hips to position her vagina over my eager mouth, and I tongued the stiffened inner lips and vaginal mouth, drinking in her thick, salty essence.

She moved her pelvis again and pushed her rock-hard clit back into my mouth. "Take it, bitch"—Lesley's voice above me, her hand clutching at my hair—"Take it now, take it all." She rode my face, the rhythm of her fucking matched by the pace of my sucking, sliding up and down her clit. One last push; she cried "Oh god, oh now" and grabbed onto the headboard as I took it, sucked her to climax. As her come gushed over my face I kept my tongue on her, using slow powerful strokes to release all the orgasm she'd built up. She jerked above me, then was still.

I gazed up at Lesley as she slumped against the headboard of the hotel bed. She looked at me blankly for a moment, then rolled offf me to fall back on the bed. I sat up, shrugging my dress up off my arms, and reached for the other glass of wine. She took it from me wordlessly, and I watched her as she sipped it. The beads of moisture on the side of the glass reflected the sheen of sweat on her face and torso, and I felt proud to have satisfied her so.

She picked up the bedside clock, and groaned when she saw the time. "Seven o'clock?" She glanced at me in a dismay that was probably only half-feigned. "Guess the dinner meeting survived without me."

"I'm sorry," I said, suddenly ashamed of my unasked-for boldness. "I guess I shouldn't have been here." I glanced away to hide the moisture that sprang to my eyes.

I felt her arms go around me from behind, and she pulled me to her so hard I was thrown off-balance. I ended up half in her lap, looking up at her flushed face and tousled brown hair. "I'm glad you were, sweet Jenny." Her words, her concern, touched me, and the two firm kisses she followed them with restirred my desire. Her hands moved lightly over my thighs, to my waist, over my chest and through my hair, and I closed my eyes as she began to tell me what else the night had in store. "Am I dreaming?" I wondered briefly. I opened my eyes to see the warm reality that my scheming had brought to life, if only for an evening.

"Well, forget it, slut," she hissed. "It's all for me tonight."

Continued From Page Four

in leather. I said sure, understanding that he'd probably abandon me after we walked through the door. Still, an evening studying his technique and nursing a few beers seemed better than sitting home alone.

"Can I borrow your chaps or something?" Bob and I are the same size, give or take the direction of the contours. I might stretch them out a little differently, but I wanted to look hot. If I was going out to a biker bar I wanted to at least look like I belonged there.

Bob brought them up and we admired my new look. We scraped up a quarter gram of coke and three beers between us, then took off into the night. Bob was in full leather, down, I suspected, to the jock. I made do with the chaps over my jeans, a big, black sweater and a denim vest. I felt terribly conspicuous as we got on the subway. A few punks gave us looks, but they hardly had room for comment. A pair of yuppies off slumming had a hard time deciding whether to sit next to us or the punks. They picked the punks. Perhaps we weren't such a failure at that.

We walked down the long, dark street that lead to MJ's, which Bob told me stood for "motor joint"—the only name the group could agree on. I thought it was a pretty wimpy name, especially since it was replacing "Ass-Trick," but Bob, veteran of decades of political battles explained to me the importance of collective process. We walked through the first door. It lead down a sloping, twisting ramp which had once been used to wheel racks of meant down to be carved. The storage room that once held the giant carcasses was now the main area of the bar. There were smaller rooms which had housed specialists who had hacked up the beef into salable parts. More recently, these cubicles had housed various devices designed to torture willing subjects in passion play. I'd been here once before under the previous owner. I had to admit that the idea of a bar in a former beef warehouse had made me feel a little queasy.

A big tough dyke in black leather and sunglasses stopped us as we entered the first door.

"You know about this club?"

Bob, ever the charmer, said we did and winked. She didn't appreciate the intimacy and put a grubby hand on his shoulder. "You're *together* are you?" she said. "Bisexual night is Tuesdays. We don't want the women to get harassed by men here, so no bi-couples except then."

Bob started to object to this policy, but I just laughed.

"Don't worry," I said. "We wouldn't even know what to do with each other. Honest, we're just good friends."

Skeptical, she let us in, but at the door at the bottom of the stairs stood a male member of the collective. He was frisking everyone who came in, a gesture that didn't make me any too comfortable. We finally got inside. What a decorating job! There were motorcycle

Photo by Lavender Ties

parts all over the walls. The side rooms were still there, lit with black lights. I could hear vague murmurs coming from that general direction.

Bob immediately saw something that interested him and bade me an embarrassed farewell. I got myself a beer and sat on a barstool in the corner.

After I'd finished half of it, a tiny little faggot walked up and started talking to the woman next to me. He had a perfectly trimmed moustache over the most baby soft skin. I wondered how a guy with such peach fuzz elsewhere managed to get such a large crop on his upper lip. I listened to him talk to the woman.

"That was a wonderful demonstration you gave on dildos, Kim," she said.

"Thanks," said Kim in a funny husky voice. "But when I'm wearing my moustache I like to be called 'Ken.' "

"Oh," giggled her friend. "I forgot. I hope that's not all you're wearing tonight."

Equiped and ready for action," said "Ken," rubbing what looked like a pretty impressive piece of latex under her tight jeans.

I had no idea what this might mean to Ken. Did she do boys? Did doing it with girls make her bi? Tri? I decided I had to see what was under her 501s, but always one to get the lay of the land, I first set off to find Bob.

"Hey, see that little fag over there?" I asked him, hoping he didn't mind me interrupting his cruising.

"You mean that one that's not really a guy?" I wondered how he could spot her fraud so quickly. "Yeah," I said, "what's her story? Like, who does she do . . . and how?"

Bob didn't know, but figured he could find out for me . . . if I gave him a little space to cruise, his look implied. I realized my queries had terminated a possible conquest.

I worked my way back over to the bar, hoping Bob would figure something out soon. I couldn't trust him to focus on a fact-finding mission for long with so many distractions around.

As I put my money over the counter for another beer, a small hand slapped down on top of mine. "I'll get that," said the now-familiar husky voice. Ken tossed a few bucks down and told the pierced-nippled, locker-room-smelling bartender to "keep it."

Here was my chance, I thought, if only I could figure out what to do. But that was a short-lived worry. Ken took me firmly by the arm and navigated me toward the darkest of the backrooms. As I turned for one last look at the crowd, Bob caught my eye. He was, true to his promise, engaged in reconnaisance with one of the collective members, who was at that moment whispering and gesturing expansively. When Bob saw me heading toward the back rooms he began shaking his head at me and waving alternately "No, don't go" and "come back here." Swept away by Ken's *machisma* I barely had time to register Bob's panicked shoving to get over to my side of the room.

As soon as we entered the darkened room, Ken told me to take off my jeans and then put my chaps back on. Compliant and bare-assed, I turned to her and, uncharacteristically said, "Well, whaddya got?"

She pushed me toward what turned out to be a saddle on some kind of stand. I wasn't sure I wanted to be shoved around so much, so I pulled her toward me for at least a token kiss. Her purloined facial hair pushed against my face and tickled my nose. How do they stand it? I wondered silently, thinking of Bob's last beau, who had a massive handlebar mustache. I shot my tongue into her mouth and groped for her crotch. I could feel an unfamiliar lump, which excited me and made me a little self-conscious. It began to throb and get harder under my touch. I jumped back, thinking there'd been some mistake. Then I saw her pumping on a little inflation bulb. Very clever.

I started getting hot at the idea of this game, forgetting Bob's intimations that I might be getting myself into trouble. Slowly, I reached down to unzip her pants, and the faithful servant leaped out and bounced around a little until I took hold of it in my hands. Fascinated, I leaned down for a closer look. It had the right shape, little veins and everything . . . at least it seemed to, given what I could remember from drunken teenage fucks and porno mags. Ken was learing at me and I realized she expected me to suck her off. I have a hefty gag reflex, and this was one aspect of het sex that I had no desire to rediscover.

Panic must have shown on my face, and then I heard another familiar voice: "I came to rescue you darling," said Bob, chuckling to himself. "I'll show you how this is done."

I stepped aside as Bob, somewhat primly, I thought, demonstrated one of his best feats. He was rubbing his jock and taking that whole piece of high-tech meat in his mouth. Amazing, I thought, I never really believed it could be done, Linda Lovelace and Richard Locke not withstanding.

As Bob reached down to untrap his own poor version of Ken's long-lasting innovation, I felt a dangerous new presence in the room.

"I *knew* you were bi!" shouted the bouncer. "I just knew it!"

Even in the dark, we could tell that she was ready to do bodily harm, and not the kind inflicted in fun. She was calling to the other bouncer, and I realized we were in deep trouble.

"Let's get out of here," said Ken, pulling the plug and deflating her member with breathtaking speed.

Bob's faithful fistful was not about to be reduced for packing so quickly.

"Come *on*," said Ken urgently. "There's a door back

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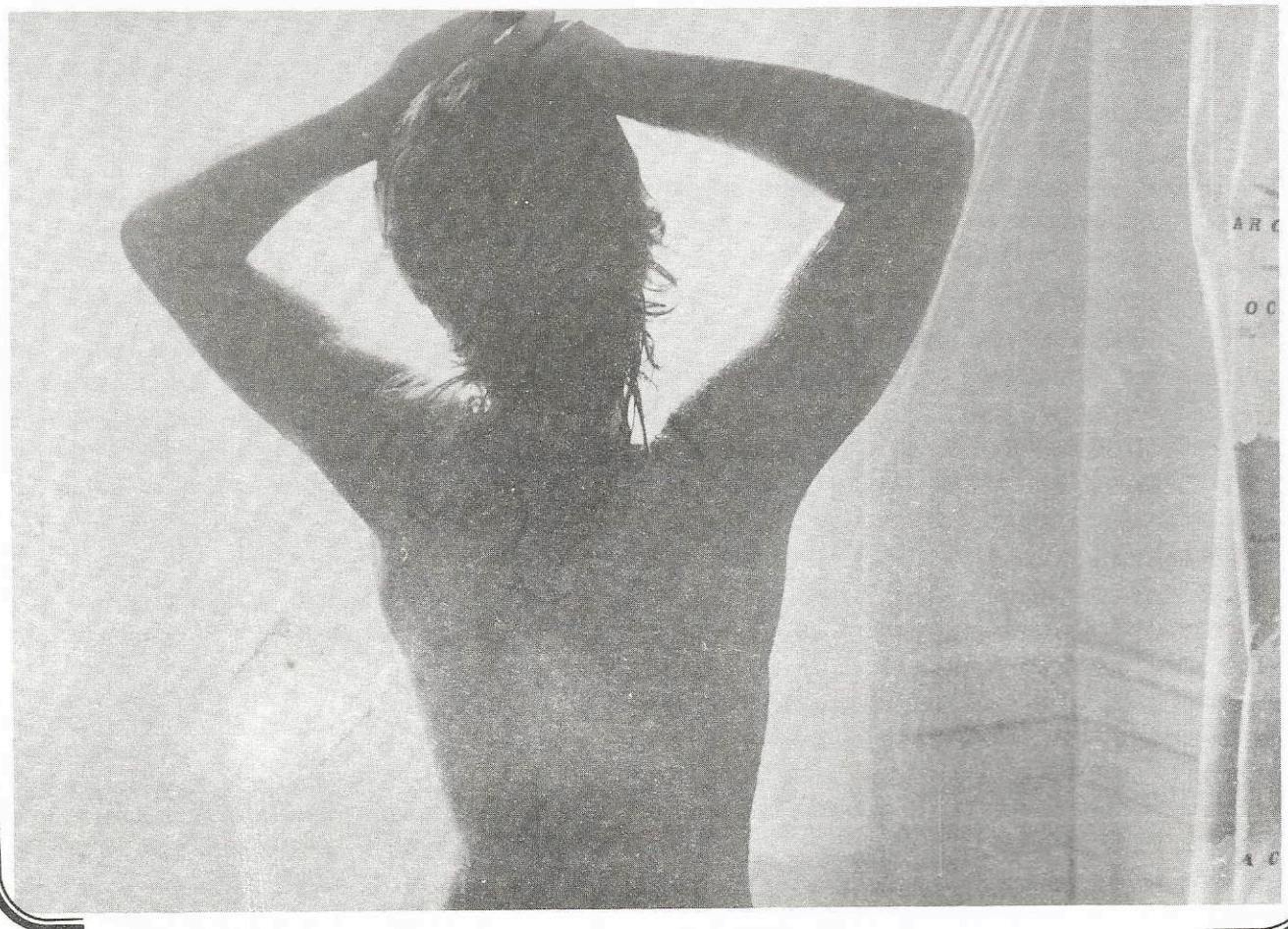

Photo by Lavender Ties

The Letter

By Muffy

I walk in the door and immediately turn to the mail slot. Yes, it's there, a letter from Anne my main womyn. Our relationship is made up of letters back and forth between Boston and every small town across the USA, and late night phone calls occasionally, cuz the rates are cheaper. Juggling my packages, I pick the letter up and walk up the stairs to my apartment, anxiously waiting to read it. As usual, I'm oblivious to my surroundings — all my thoughts are focused on the letter. I enter the apartment and throw the letter on the bed, while I put the packages away. I change into my most comfortable clothes, my pink silk nightgown with slits on the sides and lace around the edges. I flop on the bed and savagely tear the envelope open.

"Hey, baby, baby. Wow is this place psychedelic . . . each night as I lay in my tent, I dream of your curvey body and your legs wrapped around me as I fuck you. . . . " Slowly my hand slips under my nightgown, fondling my full round breasts. My nipples are already erect with excitement. Every letter does this to me. As I read on, my hand continues the tour of my breasts as the excitement builds, sending chills up and down my spine and the beginning of the warm, moist sensations in my cunt. The juices begin to flow, I'm wet, oh very wet as my hand travels down the curves of my body searching out my curly mound. The words begin to disappear off the page, as they bring Anne to my room, into my bed, lying next to me, close, oh very close.

I'm lying on the bed with Anne bending over me. She kisses my mouth — first gently, gradually becoming more forceful, pushing her tongue in and out, while fondling my tits. She knows I'm wanting it bad, but makes me wait, as she teases my body into increased excitement. Gently she turns me over, face down. I know what's coming next and I can hardly contain myself. She lightly caresses the length of my body with her home-made leather whip. I can't help but giggle with anticipation, which only makes her more determined to show me exactly what she can do with it.

Anne knows how to maximize my pleasure. At first light taps of the whip meet my buttocks and back, which slowly build pressure to a point where the pain and pleasure are one. My ass lifts up to meet each blow eagerly. Every once in a while she stops the hitting to knead and kiss my ass and caress my cunt with the handle of the whip. Moaning on the bed, not able to take another minute, I beg her, "Please fuck me. Oh, baby, I want it so bad, please give it to me hard."

Anne surprises me. Instead of inserting her fingers into my throbbing cunt, she slips in the handle of the whip. Back and forth, in and out, till the walls of my cunt explode into contractions. It feels so good, my juices flowing, gushing out, my hot cunt throbbing. I'm spent.

I return to consciousness, my hand still inside my cunt. The letter lays next to me, barely read yet. I pick it up and begin to read it. I can hardly wait for the next letter to arrive.

Genderfucked

Continued From Page Thirteen

here."

Bob jerked and hobbled, cumming in an efficient grunt and stuffing himself into his pants with no regard for the hazard of the zipper. I followed hot on their heels with nothing more to show for my night out than a wet spot in my drawers.

My drawers! I realized as we headed toward the back door that I had left my soggy jeans somewhere on the north side of the bouncers. I stopped at the door and, looking down at my embarrassed loins, said, "I can't go out wearing nothing but chaps!"

"Well, it isn't as if you have any . . . *thing* . . . to freeze," said Bob.

"Bob!" I screamed, as a tear leaped over my eyelid and made its way down my cheek.

Ken giggled, inappropriately, I thought, at Bob's politically uncultured opinion of my genitals. In her girl-voice, a rather pleasant *sotto voce* reminiscent of my favorite public librarian, she said, "I've got an idea."

Moments later, we refugees from the sex-pol dispute beat feet all the way to the subway car. The chill crept into the gaps between my chaps and the leather jock I had acquired from Ken. But the thought of the diesel dyke in fifth gear was enough to warm me up.

As we neared Kim's stop, a really attractive guy—certainly a ten on the Bob Scale—sidled up to our little band.

"Hi, Bob," he said, turning his eyes not too subtly onto my crotch. "I see you're turning in early," he finished in a tone that hinted he might be available for some early evening diversions.

"Yeah," said Bob. "We didn't like the crowd."

I leaned my hips forward, reached into my vest pocket and inflated my escape device to half-mast. The guy's eyes popped out in wonder.

"Wanna come up for a beer?" suggested Bob, inocently.

"Sure, said the humpy number, "What's your friend's name?"

"Maureen," said Bob, as I turned to say farewell to Kim.

As Kim stepped out of the train I patted my crotch and said, "I'll return your equipment tomorrow."

Mr Ten gulped and barely made it through the closing doors, yelping, "Uh, Some other time, Bob . . ."

"Sure," said Bob, confused by his sudden change of mood.

As Bob and I walked into our building I lifted the keys off Bob's belt.

"Well, big boy," I said. "Your place or mine?"

PERILS

By Pat M. Kuras

I feel like the schmuck
in an old movie serial
who gets caught in a
room and the walls
begin to close, or,
I'm in a room where
the ventilation gushes
poisonous gas. I
don't like to feel
trapped and choking —
it's a nasty crevice we've
wedged ourselves into
and I really never
wanted you to play
the part of a villain.

Body of Knowledge

By Sally Randolph

In the long strong arms of sunlight, in the cloudy scent that rises from the sheet, I part my own legs and masturbate to the fantasy of you in a car (somehow red) doing the same. The first time you showed me, returning from the supermarket at dusk, the effects of the car engine's natural vibration, I lifted my heels to the windows and let you drive me, the car, home. Though you deferred your own pleasure then for fear of swerving, you often come in cars alone and I think of this. I am wet. Nearing ovulation mucus becomes elastic and profuse, permitting a swifter, deeper entry. The small oculus of my cervix is open, shafts of light on the temple's mosaic floor. Sun roof. Rothko chapel in reds. Another time I did not heed but slipped into you and accident found us a half-hour of still traffic for your orgasm and scream which I imagine could be heard by housewives five or six cars ahead. Alone, I swerve wildly but am usually silent.

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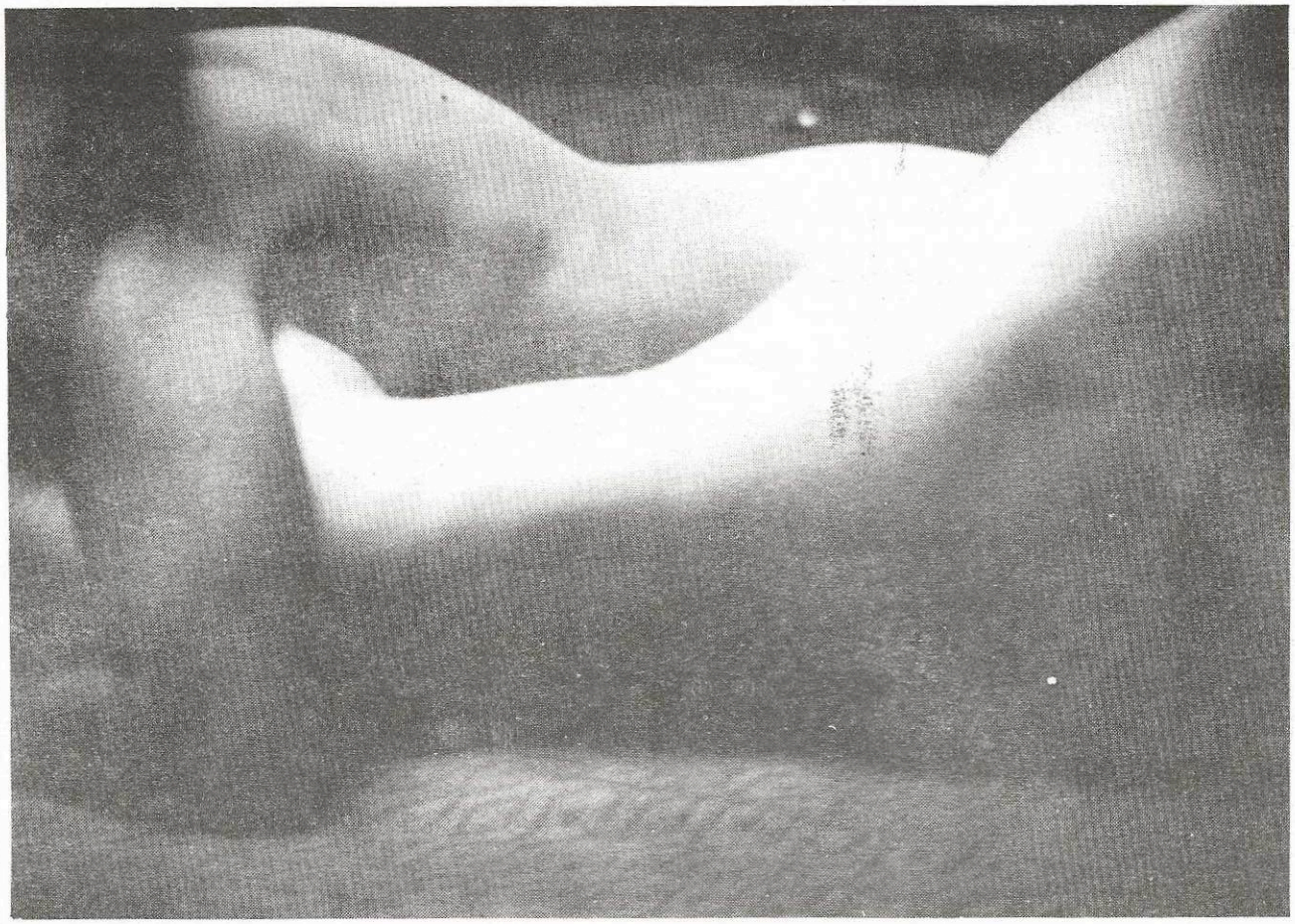

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